Emma F. Long.

# LORENA

And hear
the distant Church bells
chimed.

For
"if we try,
we may forget."

But there, up there,
'tis Heart to Heart.

EHRGOTT, FORBRIGER & Co. LITH. CINCINNATI.

Piano

CHICAGO,
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# "LORENA."

Poetry by REV. H.D.L. WEBSTER.

Music by J.P. WEBSTER.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

1. The years creep slowly by, Lo - re - - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The
2. A hun - dred months have past Lo - re - - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And

sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the
felt the pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fas - ter far than thine. A

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heart throbs on as warmly now, As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the

hun-dred months, 'twas flow'ry May, When up the hil-ly slope we climbed, To.....

sun can never dip so low,..... Adown affection's cloudless sky. The

watch the dying of the day,..... And hear the distant church-bells chimed. To

sun can never dip so low,..... Adown affection's cloudless sky.

watch the dying of the day,..... And hear the distant church-bells chimed.

3. We loved each other then Lo - re - - na, More
4. The sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - - na, A -

than we ev'- er dared to tell; And what we might have been, Lo - re - na, Had
- las! I care not to re - peat, The hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They

but our lovings prosper'd well— But then, 'tis past—the years are gone, I'll
lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I would not cause e'en one re - gret To

not call up their shadowy forms; I'll..... say to them, "lost years, sleep on!..... Sleep
wran - kle in your bo - som now; For....."if we *try*, we may for - get,"..... Were

on! nor heed, life's pelting storm."  I'll say to them, lost years, sleep on!..... Sleep
words of thine long years a - go.  For "if we *try*, we may for - get," Were

on! nor heed, life's pelting storm!"
words of thine long years a - go.

5.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet;
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;
Thy heart was always true to me:—
A *duty* stern and pressing, broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

6.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past—is in the eternal Past,
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a Future! O thank God,
Of life this is so small a part!
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;
But there, *up there,* 'tis heart to heart.



*S. Pearson, Engr.*
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